

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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REMINISCENCES

OF THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION OF 1861-5.

BY

J: ALBERT MONROE.

[LATE LIEUTENANT COLONEL FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT ARTILLERY.]

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The pleasures of the past are the most vividly reproduced by the recollection and the recounting of incidents that occurred in the long ago. The memory of the trials, hardships and privations, is suffused with a bright tinge, as we recall the pleasant happenings that lighted up the dark days; and even those that seemed to make the darkness darker are dwelt upon with pleasant thought. The incidents that occurred in one's experience as a participant in the routine and campaigns of an active army, are similar, in a general way, to those that took place in the experience of every other participant in the same general affairs, and their narration carries the listening veteran back to

once familiar scenes and to circumstances alike, yet not the same ; and the relation of little episodes of daily life, under such circumstances, present, to the inexperienced listener, the sweets that softened the bitter experience, the painful accounts of which, he is most familiar with. With these thoughts in mind, I have prepared the following narration of incidents, as a contribution to the papers of our society.

A SYMPATHETIC ENEMY.

The first of July, 1861, on which the first battle of Bull Run took place, was an exceedingly hot day ; at least it appeared to be so by all who had not been accustomed to violent exercise in a warm climate. On the way to the battle ground in the morning, before reaching Sudley church, I went up to a large white house at one of the windows of which, a lady was standing, watching the passing troops, and I politely asked for some water. She gave me a gruff and insolent answer, and I turned away with feelings not the kindest imaginable. On our way back in the afternoon, after our apparent signal defeat, I saw the same lady standing at the same window, with a

tin cup in her hand, from which she was dispensing water to a goodly sized crowd of our thirsty men. I rode through the crowd and asked her for a drink. She passed the cup to me with a very little water in it, and I found it deliciously cold and refreshing. As she handed the cup, she remarked, "I can only give this to the wounded, for my ice is almost out, and I want very much to look out for them." My acrimonious feelings of the morning were entirely dispelled, for her heart, stubborn with the well and strong, had melted to the most kindly sympathy with those whose sufferings required a refreshing draught, though they were enemies to the cause she evidently was devoted to.

And in this connection I will say, it was my experience throughout the war, that the women invariably, by acts and words, disclosed their sympathy for one side or the other without fear or hesitation, while the men, as a rule, palavered and manifested a sort of I-must-scratch-your-back air.

AND SYMPATHETIC FRIENDS.

Passing through New York avenue on our way back

to our old camp, Camp Clark, we were very pleasantly surprised, near Eighth street, by the proffer of refreshments in the way of sandwiches and coffee, from the hands of two very intelligent looking and attractive young ladies. I took occasion, a few days after, to call at their residence to express my own thanks and those of the members of the company. The acquaintance thus begun, was most pleasantly continued throughout the entire war. After our arrival at Camp Clark, Mrs. Beale, formerly of this city, and who, I believe, was born here, extended to us every comfort that the resources of her kitchen and her cooks could afford.

ENCOURAGING YOUNG SOLDIERS.

In this paper I do not wish to enter into details of orders, and it is enough to say that we were ordered to leave Washington for Harper's Ferry, to relieve the three months battery, whose term of service was about to expire. We arrived at Berlin, some distance below the "ferry," early in the morning, and were met by a detachment of Captain Charles H. Tompkins's company, who escorted us to their camp, situated on

a beautiful knoll, overhung by the Maryland Heights, the crest of which was some fifteen hundred feet above us. The three months men started for home and we were left in possession of their battery, camp and camp equipage. On the opposite side of the river was a high mountain overlooking our position, from which a hostile bullet could be fired at us easily, and it seemed to delight several old stagers of the army, Mexican and Texas veterans, to visit our camp and tell stories of how they had been fired at in Texas and Mexico, and how, on one occasion, a very promising officer was killed, in the evening, by a shot from a height just like the one opposite. To one who has been through such experience, it is, of course, amusing to tell it and hear the like from others, but it is harrowing to the soul of a young person who finds himself so situated.

THE FIRST NIGHT MARCH.

We remained here until some time in August, when we received an order to report to Colonel John W Geary, and to proceed, with his regiment, to Point of Rocks. The order was received in the afternoon

sometime, but it was not until after nightfall that we were directed to move. It was our first real night march, and as occasionally the blue light of a Roman candle would be seen shooting up in the darkness, signals probably to notify the enemy of our movement, our nervousness can better be imagined than described, for it must be remembered that a night attack, to men just learning the ways of war, is particularly dreaded, though a veteran feels more secure in the darkness of night than in the light of day.

THE ENEMY TAKES WINGS.

Arriving at Point of Rocks early in the morning, we went into camp on a beautifully situated piece of ground north of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. South of the railroad was the Potomac river, on the other side of which was the Catoctin mountains, or the northernmost one of the range known by that name. Colonel Geary was a very nervous and excitable man at that time, and was constantly on the look-out for a real or an imaginary enemy, on the other side of the river. One day we heard the long roll sounded in his camp, and shortly afterward Lieu-

tenant Colonel DeKorponey, the lieutenant colonel of his regiment, appeared in our camp and ordered me (at that time I was in command of the battery, Captain Reynolds being absent on leave and Lieutenant Vaughn, the senior lieutenant, on duty at Bolivar Heights) to run out a piece to fire upon some people concealed in the pines on the mountain side opposite, who were watching our movements or preparing to make an attack upon us. The gun was run out, loaded and fired, and, after two or three shots, a small flock of crows or buzzards lazily sailed out of the timber and flew away, which proved to be the enemy that had created so much commotion and caused one or two thousand hearts to rise into the throats of as many men.

DRUMMED OUT OF CAMP.

Another incident occurred here which made a deep impression on the mind of every man in camp—the drumming of a man out of camp. Though there was not any law to justify the drumming of a man out of camp except by the order of a court-martial whose proceedings are properly approved, Colonel Geary

took the responsibility of inflicting this punishment upon a member of his command, who had been guilty of some misdemeanor which a year or two after, probably, would have been considered a trivial affair. His head was closely shaven, and, escorted by a guard, he was marched out of camp to the tune of "The Rogue's March," to a point, some distance away, and there left to take care of himself.

"WHO IN THE DEVIL ARE YOU?"

I was appointed captain in September, 1861, and assumed command of my company upon its arrival in Washington, one Sunday in that month. Very little time was given me to prepare for the field, and, almost as soon as I got my battery and horses, I was ordered to report to General Fitz John Porter at Hall's hill, Va., and a day or two after joining his command, I was ordered to report to General McDowell at Upton's hill. On my way up the hill in search of General McDowell's headquarters, I saw a little house by the roadside, that was occupied by a general officer, so, halting my battery, I rode to the house, and dismounting, inquired of the orderly who answered my knock

at the door, if it was the quarters of General McDowell. He only had time to say, "No; General Keyes is here," when an old gentleman, who was General Keyes himself, appeared at the door and asked what I wanted. I told him very respectfully, and he then said, "Who in the devil are you?" I replied, "Captain Monroe." "Captain! captain of what?" said he. "Captain of that battery out in the road," I answered. He surveyed me, very carefully, from head to foot, and then said, "Who in hell was such a damned fool as to make a boy like you captain of a battery?" "Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, was such a fool as that," I said, the only reply to which was a gruff grunt which seemed to indicate intense disgust that a boy should be appointed to fill a position ranking with that for which old army officers had had to wait for years.

INCIDENTS AT THE FIRST WINTER QUARTERS.

We established our winter quarters at Munson's hill, a short distance from Upton's hill, where, under the command of Captain John Gibbon, Company B, Fourth Regular Artillery, who named the camp Camp

Dupont, we spent the winter in company with three other batteries. Several incidents occurred, during our stay there, that served, in a measure, to relieve the tedium of winter life in the field.

The officers floored their tents, and under my floor, a number of mice made a home. We got to be familiar, and often, at night, two or three would play about on the top of my table, by the side of which I was reading, and munch crumbs that I threw to them. When we left camp I was really sorry to part with them.

We had a man in the company whom I invariably found untidy and generally dirty, at the regular Sunday morning inspection. I warned him a number of times that, if he didn't get himself clean, I would have him washed, but repeated warnings seemed to have no effect. One Sunday morning I found him dirtier than usual. Detailing four men, two to throw water and two to scrub, I sent them to the brook and had him thoroughly washed down. The weather was quite chilly, and I was told by the officer-of-the-day, that it was a comical sight to see him standing there, stark naked, while the *douche*-ing and scrubbing operation

was going on. He came out white, and I never found much dirt on him at inspection after that, though I used to suspect that his only time of washing was Saturday night, or Sunday morning before the sun was up.

At the time we were in this camp, one very pleasant Sunday morning, everything was quiet and everyone was enjoying his ease ; suddenly a loud explosion was heard, and the air seemed filled with all sorts of missiles. Upon investigation, we found that some of the men of my battery had picked up an old shell, and from curiosity or in the hope of having some fun, had embedded it in the bank of a run near by and exploded it by building a brush fire around it. This reminds me of a story that I heard, but of which I had no personal knowledge. Some men found a projectile, the like of which they had never seen before, and they took it to their commanding officer, either to satisfy their curiosity by an explanation from him as to its peculiarity, or to show him the new-fangled thing. He threw it aside as unimportant, paying but little or no attention to it. His cook, who had been watching the interview, picked up the projectile and

evidently thought that he could solve the problem by throwing it into the fire where he was cooking dinner. It is hardly necessary to say that, soon after, a new cook had to be procured and a new dinner had to be provided, for the result of the experiment was that the dinner in course of preparation, went to smithereens and the cook got a shell wound in one of his legs.

A CAVALRY CAMP UNDER FIRE.

Captain Gibbon was a very thorough officer, and he wanted every man under his command to be thoroughly acquainted with artillery practice and drill. In order that the enlisted men and officers might be made familiar with the sighting and firing of shotted guns, he caused to be cut, in a tract of timber near our camp, a space, perhaps twenty feet wide, and, it may be, half a mile in length. It was his custom to order a piece from each battery, with one or two detachments, to go to this place daily for target practice, the target being an immense pine tree directly in the center of the pathway cut through the timber. At that time I had rifled Parrott guns, and one day, in

compliance with Captain Gibbon's orders, I took out one of my guns, he accompanying me, and we commenced blazing away at the tree. We observed the effect of the fire, discussed its effectiveness, scientifically considering whether it were better to elevate or depress the piece a little more or not, and so on, when we heard all at once, "What the devil are you trying to do? Stop that or I will cut you to pieces; you have been firing right into my camp." Looking behind us we found a squadron of cavalry, whose commanding officer had thus summarily ordered us to cease our practice. Of course we stopped, for the idea of being cut to pieces was not a healthy one. That afternoon, Captain Gibbon and I rode around the timber to the cavalry camp, and sure enough, our shot had struck plump into their drill ground, which adjoined their camp, and where they were drilling at the time of our firing.

ONE IN A MILLION.

In the spring of 1862 the Army of the Potomac advanced toward Richmond, but, after reaching Manassas, it halted for several days, and then, for some

reason, the plan of operations was changed by the transfer to the Peninsular of the entire army with the exception of General McDowell's corps, to which my battery was attached. We moved from Fairfax Court House the eighteenth day of March, towards Alexandria, in a cold and regular Virginia driving rain, and it can rain there when it takes a notion to. My baggage wagons went by the old road to Alexandria, while the battery followed the Warrenton pike. When we reached Cloud's mills, we found the stream crossing the road near there, so swollen that it was impossible to ford it, therefore we had to bivouac for the night, our tents being in the wagons. Placing some fence rails slanting against Cloud's house, which was built of brick, and throwing a paulin over them, the officers crowded underneath and slept quite comfortably, the men taking refuge under the carriages of the battery; but we were a pretty sorry looking set of fellows in the morning, for we were thoroughly wet through to the skin. I had a change of dry underclothes with me, and in the morning I asked permission to enter one of the rooms of the house to put them on. I was directed to the nigger loft, to which

I went, followed by the ancient darky who occupied the quarters, and he remained with me, grumbling and growling, while I changed my clothing. He was evidently one of the rebel southern darkies, for he muttered that he was "going to watch any gorn durned yankee who was in his room." I think this was the only instance in my experience that a negro showed an unfriendly spirit towards a Union soldier.

DROWNED OUT.

As before stated, McDowell's corps was left behind when the rest of the army went to the peninsular, and we all were ordered back to our old camps. A few days after, I received orders to take my battery to Fairfax Seminary and await orders. We did not arrive there until late at night, and as I was expecting further orders, early in the morning, directing another move, I instructed the officer-of-the-day to pitch a Sibley tent, which I would occupy for the remainder of the night with the lieutenants. After the tent was up, I suggested to him that it would be a good plan to ditch it, though the night was beautifully clear and the moon was at its full. Making a survey of the

sky, and not seeing even a sign of a cloud, he thought there was no necessity for it. In a small matter of that kind I did not care to exercise my authority to give him a direct order to do it, but I had had too much experience then, to place much confidence in clear weather appearances in Virginia, so I took the precaution to have the seat and a cushion of a spring wagon that we had, carried into the tent, upon which I went to sleep, with my carpet bag for a pillow, while the other officers went to sleep on the ground. Some time in the night I awoke and the tent was fairly blue with curses, while without, the rain was pouring in torrents. Putting my hand down on the ground, I found that a miniature river was pouring through the tent, and from the trouble the lieutenants were in, I knew that they, as well as their bedding, and clothing were thoroughly drenched. It was pitch dark, and they could not find a dry match, nor a candle to light even if they had had the match. After enjoying their tribulations in silence a little while, I fished a candle and some matches from my carpet bag and struck a light. There were four sorry looking men wading about in their stockings, through three or four inches

of water, with not a dry thread on or about them. The ground that we had encamped upon had, at some time previous, been a cornfield. Afterwards it had been sown to grass, and it presented the appearance of beautiful meadow land, with a gentle rise from a narrow ribbon-like space next to the road, on which space our tent was pitched. The well-defined but not quickly discernible furrows had conducted all the water that fell on the extensive slope, directly to our quarters, hence the tribulation of the lieutenants. The headquarters tent was never afterwards pitched without digging a ditch about it.

THE BLISS OF IGNORANCE.

A few days later we were ordered to move with the corps, and our first halt, to make camp, was at Bristow station. We had received stringent orders forbidding foraging of every description. Even the most trivial violation of the order, was to be severely punished. The ground about Bristow station is quite flat, and in the spring it is decidedly swampy, but I managed to find a knoll, covered with cedars, which I selected for a camp, very luckily, for on the day of our arrival

a heavy snow-storm set in, which covered the ground with snow to the depth of several inches. While the rest of the corps were suffering intensely from the cold and exposed wet camps, the men of my company were enjoying comparative comfort. I sat in my tent one evening and imagined that I smelled the savory fumes of fresh meat cooking. I knew that no fresh meat had been issued for several days, and I was confident that none of my men, in the face of the peremptory orders that had been issued, would be guilty of gobbling a pig or a sheep, but I threw on my overcoat and went out to investigate. Picking my way through the trees, I found my own men very busy about their fires, and a toothsome flavor pervading the camp. I did not make myself known nor investigate further, for really under the circumstances I did not want to know anything more, but I must have been recognized by some one, for when the cook brought in breakfast the next morning, he set on the table a dish of delicious pig's liver, etc. He said that the commissary had been around in the night and issued fresh meat, and that this was apportioned to the officers. No further explanation was necessary

SQUATTING IN A SHUCK STACK.

From Bristow station we were ordered to Fredericksburg. On the way there General Patrick, who commanded the brigade to which my battery was attached, lost the road, and at nightfall, at the close of a wet and disagreeable day, we found ourselves just nowhere, so to speak. We didn't dare to go into camp, so we just squat, as it were, for the night. Near by us was a stack of corn-shucks. We pulled this open, and after feeding the horses upon its substance, the officers buried themselves in the base of the stack and slept quite comfortably until morning.

EQUINE PRIDE.

When a lot of new horses were drawn from the quartermaster's department, there was always a trial and thorough examination of the different animals, to discover their particular qualities and to determine upon what uses to put them. We were at Bristow station over a week, and while there I drew from the department some sixteen or eighteen horses, to replace the lame and sick ones. One afternoon at dinner the officers told me that among the new horses was one

that nobody in the company could do anything with ; that the men had tried it and failed, and that they each had also failed. I directed the officer-of-the-day to have him saddled, and after finishing my dinner I mounted him. Ground and lofty tumbling would be nothing compared with what followed. He made it lofty for me for full half an hour, and when he found that he could not get rid of his rider, he put, and he put in such a way that I would as soon have checked a whirlwind as stopped him. About a mile from our camp was another battery encamped, and this horse went directly for the picket rope, which was perfectly filled with the battery horses. He dashed straight up to the rope, between a couple of the horses, and in spite of my efforts with both whip and spur, he refused to budge. After a while I got a man to lead him out of the tangle and to point him in the direction of my camp. Then came a Gilpin-like ride ; fences, hedges and ditches received no respect, for he took them all without apparently seeing them. On arrival at camp he was very tractable, willing to do almost anything, and that evening I rode him over to General King's headquarters, where

I made a friendly call. The next morning he was dead. He had been kindly treated, and I could not account for this except that his spirit was broken and he wanted no more to do with life.

ALMOST TRAPPED.

When General Burnside came up from North Carolina, he was ordered to Fredericksburg to relieve General King, and King's command, with the exception of my battery, was sent to Warrenton. I was very much pleased, for I had had a strong desire to serve with General Burnside, for a long time. But a few days elapsed, however, before I received an order to rejoin my division at Warrenton. I was mad from head to foot, and entered upon the execution of the order with anything but good will. I nursed my ill feelings all the way to Warrenton, and arrived there in no amiable mood. After selecting a pleasant place for a camp, and seeing that my command was properly disposed of, I went to headquarters and asked Bob Chandler, the adjutant-general of the division, for a pass to go outside the picket line. He was aware of my disappointment at having to leave General Burn-

side, and in answer to the usual question, what I wanted the pass for, I replied, sarcastically, that I was going to desert. We both regarded the matter as a joke, and I went off with my pass, which was readily granted. I wanted to visit some lady friends by the name of Grayson, whose acquaintance I had made on the occasion of our first visit to Warrenton, and who lived some two miles out of the village and just beyond our line of pickets. I called at the house, riding out there unaccompanied by an orderly, contrary to my usual custom. I was graciously and most cordially received by the Misses Grayson, and after a short conversation they invited me to indulge in a glass of wine, to which I assented. They both went up stairs to get the wine, and they had hardly left the room when a yellow girl whom I had spoken to once or twice at the previous visit, one of their slaves, slipped into the room and commenced rubbing the window-glass most vigorously. Turning her face partly towards me, she said, "Git out of dis, git out of dis soon as you ken, Bob Uttbach's roun'" "What's he doing here," I said. "He's done been cut off an's hiding in the woods," she said. I replied,

“ Oh, well, I guess there is no hurry then,” and prepared to take my seat again, from which I had risen at her first word. “ Go long, I tell yer shure enuf, he’s right back the house yere.” I didn’t wait for anything more, and went through the front door just as the ladies were coming down stairs, one of them bearing a tray on which were a decanter and some glasses. They asked me what was my haste, but I only hurriedly said that I had forgotten a very important matter at camp, and must get back there immediately, and I didn’t stop to say that, but said it as I hastened to mount my horse. The full import of my reply to Chandler flashed upon my mind the instant I found that I was in danger, and that if taken prisoner, my language would be construed to mean that I really intended to do what a strict construction of the remark would imply. I very well knew Bob Uttebach to be the commanding officer of a company or squadron of rebel cavalry, and I had no desire to fall into his hands. I reported the affair at headquarters, and having a squadron of cavalry placed at my disposal, I went over there, a few hours after, and

enjoyed their cake and wine, together with some delicious peaches.

A RACE FOR POSITION.

An amusing circumstance occurred towards night on the twenty-eighth of August, at the commencement of the battle of Groveton. We—General King's division—were moving quietly along the road, in the movement that resulted in the concentration of the entire army at Manassas the next day. General King and his staff were riding with me at the head of my battery, when we heard the skirmishers in advance commence work. A halt was immediately ordered, and as it appeared to be nothing more than a sort of a scare, I invited the general and his party to take a lunch with me. My larder was well supplied, which they well knew, and they accepted my invitation as cheerfully as I gave it; so directing the light wagon that contained our private mess stores to a shady spot, we all sat down, picnic fashion, to a hearty lunch. The firing in advance gradually grew more brisk, and finishing my meal before the others, I concluded to ride forward to select a good place to put my battery

in position, should an engagement take place. After going some distance and nearly reaching our advance skirmishers, I descried quite a large force in our front and concluded that a fight was unavoidable. I rode hastily back and ordered my battery forward, intending to occupy a commanding knoll that I had selected as a good position. Just as the head of my column reached the foot of the knoll, an officer rode over its summit and dashing down at full speed, cried out, "For God's sake, captain, get out of this, for they are putting a battery on this very hill." I looked up and you can imagine my surprise at seeing the enemy just coming into battery with his guns on the top of the very knoll that I was at the base of. I lost no time in turning the head of my column, and retreated at a gallop to gain the cover of some timber between the rebel battery and the road, but I was not quick enough to escape their fire, though I sustained no damage except the loss of my light wagon, containing stores and mess kit and the lieutenants' luggage. A couple shots passed through the covering of the wagon, which frightened the driver, our mess cook, who jumped out and ran to save his precious black skin.

We regained the road and got under cover of the timber, but it was an uncomfortable place, for although the rebel battery commander could not see us, he knew where we were, and he timed his fuzes so as to burst his shells over us. I resolved to get a chance at him if possible, so taking the first section along the road quite a piece, I found a position perfectly commanding his, and directed the lieutenant of the section to open fire at once. This movement was not discovered, as by this time it had become quite dark. The engagement lasted until after nine o'clock, I think. I had only a few casualties among my men and horses, but I lost a caisson, the stock of which was broken by a shot from the rebel battery, and I had it blown up that it should not fall into the enemy's hands.

We would not have met with this mishap had I not endeavored to get my battery into a safer place. Beyond us was another piece of timber, where the road was free from artillery fire. This was separated from the timber under cover of which we were halted by quite a long space which was swept by both infantry and artillery. The rebel battery captain was

timing his fuses so perfectly that the air about us seemed to be almost crowded with fragments of shells, and afraid of losing heavily, I determined to run the gauntlet and gain the cover of the other wood. We went at a gallop, and when the shell struck the caisson stock the caisson went to the ground and the men on it went into the air. Fortunately, none of them were seriously hurt. Finding it impossible to take it away, I directed Lieutenant E. K. Parker to destroy it, which he did with remarkable coolness, considering the exposed position it was in.

About the middle of June, 1875, I was in Alexandria, Va., and called at the City Hotel to see a friend who was boarding there. He wished to introduce me to the proprietor of the hotel, who, he said, was formerly a major in Mosby's cavalry, and consenting, I was presented to a Major Campbell. We talked upon various matters concerning the war, and after learning that I had been connected with the artillery branch of the service, he informed me that during the first two years of the war he was captain of a rebel battery, and he added, "Were you at Groveton?" I told

him that I was there in command of a battery. He said that he heard there was a Rhode Island battery there, and it punished him severely. "What," I exclaimed, "you are not the fellow who stole a hill away from me, are you?" He replied, "I reckon I am the very fellow, but you paid me for it, for every one of your shots seemed to count. I lost two caissons, several men and several horses. I was not under a more murderous fire during the war." Although the war had passed by ten years, I felt a keen satisfaction in learning, even at so late a day, of the efficiency of my gunners.

INCIDENTS OF THE SECOND BULL RUN BATTLE.

The second Bull Run battle took place on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of August. The first night of the action, I got my battery in position quite a distance in front of two Pennsylvania batteries, and opened fire. We had hardly commenced work, when the batteries in our rear began to fire at the wood in front of us, but their shells, instead of reaching the wood, burst directly over us. I thought it prudent to retire, and did so, taking position at the right of the

two batteries. As I was coming into battery, General Siegel rode up to me and inquired "What you leave down dere fer?" I told him that I was more afraid of what I had in my rear than what there was in front. He said, "Zats goot, I been watching you sometime; I tort you'd get oud o' yat. The Dutchmen dey know nothin'," referring to the two batteries.

During the afternoon of the thirtieth, my battery got into pretty close quarters, but we got away, though by a very close squeak, so to speak. The men seemed to work almost by inspiration, and they handled their guns like toys. One of the enemy's batteries got perfect range of us, and they threw shrapnel at us fearfully. General Milroy, of Upper Potomac fame, seeing our situation and the skilful manner in which the men were handling their pieces, came into the battery, and, with sword in one hand and his hat in the other, cheered the men on most enthusiastically. The men worked nobly, delivering canister as rapidly as possible, but it was no use, for the infantry supporting us broke, and we had to limber to the rear, while doing which the rebel infantry charged upon us, and a number of them dashed in among our

guns, but we got away from them with all of our pieces and five caissons. The batteries each side of us were both taken. After retreating a short distance, our infantry reformed, and we went into battery again, but after a few minutes the attempt to check the force in our front was found to be vain, and we again fell back. This was the first extremely trying situation that my men had been placed in, and I hardly do them justice when I say, that every man of the company attended to his business, kept his post, and marched off the field with the battery, with as much regard for the execution of his duties as if on parade, while everything around was in the greatest confusion, and when we stopped at night we could account for every missing man, whether he was killed or wounded.

A QUEER GENIUS.

Just after the battle of Antietam, I was ordered home, though the order came in the form of a leave of absence, for ten days. Upon my arrival at home, I found that my leave of absence meant promotion to the rank of major in my regiment. Upon my return to the army, the officers of my battery told me that

Uncle Robert (Robert Grinnell) had about a cartload of stuff in his knapsack, and his blanket wrapped around a lot of old trash, and that they had been unable to make him give up any part of it. This Robert was a queer genius. He had an itching for picking up everything that, under any circumstances, could have any value. I remember that we once found in his knapsack, a cast iron stove which he had come across in some deserted house. He had taken it apart, and had packed it snugly away with his clothing. I directed a sergeant (Sergeant Pratt) to bring Robert up with his knapsack. We were sitting around a good camp fire, and Robert reported with his knapsack and a huge bundle of traps tied up in his blanket. A more miscellaneous set of stuff in so small a compass, probably was never seen before or since. Almost everything in the way of small notions, we found there; shoe-strings, socks in abundance, and old clothing of every kind. We threw into the fire the most of the duds, which almost broke the heart of the old man, but we reduced his knapsack to respectable proportions.

AN ENJOYABLE RIDE.

At this time I resigned my captaincy in order to accept the position of major, to which I had been promoted. My orders were to report to the Secretary of War, at Washington, for muster into service on my new grade. I went down to Harper's Ferry, through the Pleasant Valley, to take the cars for Washington, and a more enjoyable ride it never was my pleasure to take. The valley was quite thickly settled its entire length, and there was a look of thrift, comfort and prosperity, about the farm houses picturesquely nestled away on the hill-sides, that I never saw equalled in any other part of the south. It was in the early October, when the weather was all that could be desired, and as the army filed along the road which wound around the foot of the mountains that rose high above on either side, the scene appeared almost like one of enchantment.

ARTILLERY CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.

Upon my arrival at Washington, I called upon General W F Barry, Inspector General of Artillery, U S A., and his first greeting was, " You are just the very

man I want to see.” He told me that he was organizing an artillery camp of instruction ; that he had offered the command of it to a certain officer, who had requested twenty-four hours to consider the matter, but that he was anxious to have somebody take hold of it at once, intimating that he would like an immediate reply from me as to whether I would take charge of it. I decided to accept at once, and an hour from that time I was in the camp and had issued a circular assuming command and my preliminary orders for the government of the camp. I remained in command of this camp a little over a year—a year filled with happiness and pleasure. With the coöperation of the officers of the different batteries, and we sometimes had as many as twenty companies in camp, we made our camp-ground very attractive, and it became, during the spring and summer of ’sixty-three, the favorite resort of the *elite* of Washington. It was our custom to have weekly reviews, on which occasions we were visited by the dignitaries and fashion of the city.

A RECALCITRANT MAJOR.

A great many both pleasant and unpleasant incidents transpired during the year, but I will describe only one, which was more strongly impressed upon my mind than any other. I received a note from General Barry one day, that Major —— had been ordered to report to me with two batteries in a demoralized condition. About the same time I received an order directing me to allow no officer, nor any enlisted man, to leave camp except upon the most urgent business, the urgency of which I was to exercise my judgment upon. I assigned the major to quarters next to my own, and gave him a copy of the orders governing the camp. A few mornings after his arrival, I found that the major was out of camp without leave, and upon his return I promptly ordered him to consider himself under arrest, and I immediately preferred charges against him. A day or two after, just at night, the major came to the office tent where I was, and said that he wanted to tell me what he thought of me. I had no time to listen to that kind of talk, and I directed him to return to his quar-

ters, which he refused to do. After repeating the order two or three times, I called the guard and had him forced into his quarters. The next morning, I sat at my desk preparing the usual morning reports, when I noticed the major enter the office. He came up in front of me and said, "Colonel, you insulted me last night, and now I want you to go up on the hill with me and give me satisfaction." I paid no attention to him, except to direct him to return to his quarters, and kept on with my writing. He made the remark, "I don't like to strike a man sitting down," and I noticed a quick movement of his arm. In an instant it flashed across my mind that he was going to make an attack upon me, and in the same moment I had him by the throat with my left hand, and backing him a few steps, a good strong blow with my right fist sent him sprawling to the ground in front of the tent. At first I thought that he was stunned or killed, but after a few seconds he rolled over and crawled on his hands and knees to his quarters. So quickly did the affair take place, that he was on the ground before the clerks, two officers and an orderly, who were present, could interfere, though they jumped for him

the instant they divined his purpose. I immediately wrote a report of the affair and sent it forward with my regular morning papers. Two days after, an order came from the Secretary of War dismissing him from the service of the United States, without even a trial of his case.

INCIDENTS OF THE MINE RUN CAMPAIGN.

In October, 1863, after I had got almost everything to my liking at this camp, the grounds graded, stables built, and barracks for the winter well under way, I was ordered to the front, where I was assigned to the artillery brigade of the Second Corps, which command I retained until the following spring. In November we made the famous campaign of Mine Run. The first day's engagement was called Locust Grove. Here a very ludicrous, as well as a serious incident, occurred. A man either wounded or scared, was picked up, laid on a stretcher, and two men were carrying him off the field. A shell came along, burst, and killed both stretcher bearers. The man on the stretcher at once jumped up and ran as for dear life, apparently not in the least hurt.

The Second Corps was ordered to take position on the left of our line, in order to turn the enemy's right. We executed the movement on a wet and disagreeable day. Many of the men got fagged out and disheartened. Now a wet and tired man is not apt to be very brave, and he always feels that he wants to get under cover. I remember a man considerably exhausted, who sat down under a board fence, against which he rested his head, doubtless feeling that the fence afforded some protection. He had been seated but a few minutes when a shot struck the fence, directly behind his head. It is needless to say that only a human trunk remained.

That night was the coldest I ever experienced in Virginia. Two wounded men were frozen to death during the night, but a short distance from my quarters. Immediately in front of our position was high commanding ground, occupied by a few rebel guns, and it was the expectation of every one that we were to advance still further and occupy the heights during the night, but contrary to expectations no orders were received to advance, and to our surprise, in the morning the heights that we thought would be occupied

by us, were surmounted by well constructed earth-works, from the embrasures of which poked the muzzles of many formidable looking guns, and upon the top of the embankment the rebel soldiers were dancing, running and jumping, to keep themselves warm, but it looked as if their antics were in derision of our folly in not occupying the position the night before, when our way to it was comparatively clear. It was plain that it would be sheer folly to attempt to carry the heights, but the men were chafing to make the attempt. They saw the futility of it, but they were desperately resolved, and only awaited the order to advance to certain destruction.

Here occurred one of the most singular incidents of the war within my knowledge. The men who expected to make the attack, almost to a man, gave to the chaplains of their respective regiments their watches, money and little keepsakes, in trust for their friends at home, and writing their names upon slips of paper, each pinned the paper bearing his name on the inside of his coat, in order that his remains might be identified. I doubt if an example of

facing death more coolly can be found in the annals of history.

GAYETY IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The winter of 1863 was a gay one for the Army of the Potomac. About Christmas, permission was given to the officers to send for their families, and but a few days elapsed before regimental, brigade, division and corps headquarters were swarming with ladies. Of course it became incumbent upon all to make everything as agreeable as possible, and to furnish all the entertainment that our limited facilities would allow. Parties at the different headquarters became frequent, and reviews took place often. These presented a comely sight, for nearly all the ladies attended, mounted on horseback. The Third Corps and the Second Corps gave balls, which for richness of costumes and appointments, it would be difficult to surpass. The forests were robbed of their stores of holly, fir and pine, to give effect to these occasions, and the supper-room seemed more like an enchanted palace than a canvas tent, so deftly were the shrubbery and trees arranged and the music of the bands distributed.

A BUGLER COMMANDING A BRIGADE.

To go back a little, I will relate a circumstance that took place a day or two before I rejoined the army, after leaving Camp Barry, and I tell the story to illustrate what can be done by a determined spirit, however subordinate a position may be filled by its possessor. The Second Corps was hotly engaged at Bristoe station, by General Hill, when Generals Lee and Meade were both struggling hard, by forced marches, to get possession of the Centreville heights. The Second Corps was suddenly attacked, and they went at their work manfully, holding their position against fearful odds. Another corps in the vicinity could have rendered good help, but it continued its march, its commanding officer probably thinking it was nothing more than a mere skirmish. During the affair, bugler John F. Leach, of Rhode Island Battery B, observing the crippled condition of the enemy's batteries, boldly rode to the front of one of our brigades and ordered a charge, which order was executed, and the result was the capture of the rebel guns, with a number of prisoners.

WINTER QUARTERS.

I broke off in the story of the winter, and it may be interesting to learn how the men were sheltered during that inclement season, which I believe was the most severe that had been experienced in Virginia for a good many years. Fortunately we were in a well timbered section of country, and the men, taking advantage of the material at hand, constructed log houses. These were made by laying one log on top of another, the ends being dovetailed at the corners of the house. The chinks between the logs were filled with the clay that predominates in the Virginia soil. The roof of the house was an ordinary pitch roof, but formed with the common shelter tents with which the men were furnished. Sufficient light entered through the covering, so that no windows were required, though in exceptional cases, when the builders had run across a sash, a window was inserted.

Of course it was necessary to have a chimney, and this was generally made of logs in the same way, but the inside was thickly plastered with clay to protect

the logs from fire : and here I will say, that a majority of the negro cabins on the plantations were constructed in this manner, from which, without doubt, the soldiers got their idea of construction. On top of these chimneys were perched, usually, one or two flour barrels, for the purpose of increasing the draught of the chimney. Occasionally a good brick chimney would be found, the bricks of which had been filched from some neighboring plantation. I remember well the residence of Colonel Thoms, which was a large brick mansion, beautifully situated on a commanding position. Colonel Thoms was a wealthy gentleman, and an officer in the rebel army. By January first, '64, every brick of his house was in the chimneys of the yankee soldiers, and its sashes were letting light into many an officer's quarters.

THE CAMPAIGN OF '64.

The campaign of '64 opened early in the spring, and we entered upon that long, arduous and tedious march that ended at Petersburg. Every inch of the way was hotly contested, and we had rest neither night nor day. There being little opportunity at the

first of the campaign to use artillery, the most of it was removed from the corps, and I was with the reserve, to which the batteries had been sent.

At Chancellorsville, I had my headquarters at a log house that had been used for a hospital at the time General Hooker had his fight there, the year before. I saw a red spot on the wall inside, and examining it, I found written above it, "Yankee blood from an artery sloughed off, and the patient died." With my knife I cut out the plaster, and it is now among the collections of the society.

From Chancellorsville to the James river was what might be called a continuous action. All through the Wilderness and Spottsylvania the musketry fire was terrific.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GENERAL GRANT.

For several days, while in the Wilderness, I was directed to remain at army headquarters, for the purpose of learning if there was any possible chance to use our artillery to advantage, and during these days I had the best of opportunities to observe General Grant. He talked but little, and most of the time

sat under a tree whittling a stick, while he kept his eye in the distance watching the movements of the line as far as it was possible to discern its movements. The only time that he manifested any particular anxiety about what was going on, was when a portion of our line, which was out of sight in the woods, had apparently broken, for the men came pouring out into the cleared land between us and the timber in a confused and scattered manner. General Grant's quick eye caught the movement, as you might say, before it had hardly begun, and he directed one of his staff to look into it, but he had not more than given the order when he evidently determined to investigate the difficulty in person, for before the officer could mount his horse, he was in his own saddle and half way down the hill on which we were located. His action was so quick and prompt, that every one present was taken by surprise. After riding nearly to the wood, he slowly returned and resumed his whittling, merely remarking, "That didn't amount to anything."

SPOTTSYLVANIA.

Shortly after came Spottsylvania, where such a

brilliant victory was won. The roar of musketry was like continuous thunder. Here the men used the carcasses of horses, and human bodies piled one on another, for breast-works. So fearful was the fire at one point, that a large tree, sixteen or eighteen inches in diameter, was actually cut off and felled by the bullets that struck it. We found it impossible to use our artillery, but the enemy, who had the advantage of position, placed a number of guns which he used with good effect, but which we captured.

WITH THE NINTH CORPS.

After Spottsylvania the country was more favorable for the use of artillery, and the batteries were distributed among the corps again. I was ordered to the Ninth Corps, which had just come from the west, to organize a brigade of artillery upon the system of the other artillery brigades of the Army of the Potomac.

A RICH HARVEST.

We had quite a severe action at Bethesda church. Between the opposing lines was a little white house which the enemy's skirmishers first got possession of,

but they were driven out in a little while and our men took possession of it. As usual, about the first thing they did, under such circumstances, was to rummage about to see if any small valuables had been left by the family. One of the men observed that the earth had been disturbed at a point in the cellar, and thrusting his bayonet into the loose soil, it brought up against something hard, which, upon being unearthed, proved to be an iron pot filled with silver and some gold coin. This proved a rich harvest, as I believe there were several hundred dollars in the pot. Men who are liable to lose their lives at any moment, and whose real necessities are supplied from day to day, care but very little for money, though it be in hard cash, so the contents of the pot were distributed as souvenirs to those who were fortunate enough to be acquainted with the finders or their friends. I believe that had the pot contained greenbacks or scrip, very little of it would have left first hands. I secured a silver quarter of a dollar, which is deposited with our collection of relics.

AN EARLY MORNING SHELLING.

At Cold Harbor, I was awakened about three o'clock in the morning, by the explosion of a shell very near my tent, and I plainly heard the fragments whistle through the air. I thought it queer, for I knew that our quarters were beyond the range of any of the enemy's guns, and I concluded that a shell had been exploded accidentally in our vicinity. Though there was a good deal of commotion about our headquarter camp, I turned over with the intention of going to sleep again, when I heard the boom of a gun in the distance, and shortly after a shell exploded directly in camp, and they continued to come at intervals of about five minutes. Everything about the camp was in confusion, but I concluded that it was fully as safe to keep to my cot as to turn out. I remember hearing General Burnside call to Colonel Richmond and ask if there was anybody hurt. About five o'clock, I heard a scratching at my tent door, and in answer to my call, Dick came in and said, "The durned fools 'fraid of a few shells—ordered to move headquarters—oh, Colonel, you ought to seen the niggers,—some

got behind the tents, and one crawled into a box ; I laid down behind a tree and said let em shell."

LITTLE DICK.

Now Dick was a curious genius. When I first found him, in June, 1862, he was a child not over thirteen years old, riding one of the spare horses of my battery. We were considerably annoyed at that time by contrabands endeavoring to attach themselves to us in one way or another, and I had made it a rule to send them off at sight, otherwise we would have been overrun with them. Upon discovering Dick, I asked him who he was, and what he was doing there. He coolly replied, "I belongs to this yere battery, sar." His answer amused me, and I asked him what he did. "Oh' I se Mr. Charley May's servant; I shines his bugle, rides his horse to water, cleans his clothes, and does what he wants." Charley May was one of the buglers of the battery. I was taken captive by the boy on the spot, and told him to report to me upon reaching camp; that I would take him for my servant, as buglers were not allowed servants. He reported as directed, and from that time until his

death, which took place here in Providence in the year '66 or '67, we were inseparable companions. A more devoted servant never lived. I have known him to come upon the field when the fight was hardest, to assure himself of my safety, and at Antietam the artificers tied him up to keep him out of the action.

I arose and dressed while Dick packed my valise, blankets, etc. Upon going out into the open air, I was a little surprised to find nearly all the tents struck and active preparations going on for moving, and within a short time, the entire headquarter camp was moved to a place of comparative safety.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A curious incident occurred during this, as it then seemed, most singular cannonade. Dick told me to go to a tent occupied by a couple of orderlies, and to look into it. In the tent were two men lying on their backs as they were when sleeping, but they were wide awake enough then, though they were unable to get up. They were asleep when the firing commenced, with their bodies close together, their feet spread wide apart, so that the right leg of one was close to the left

leg of the other. A shell had descended and entered the ground between the legs of one man and had come up out of the ground between the legs of the other man, without causing injury to either, except a temporary paralysis of the limbs caused by the severe shock imparted to them from the earth by the entrance and exit of the shell.

SENATOR SPRAGUE'S COURAGE.

I was at first considerably puzzled to understand how it was possible for these shells to reach us, as I knew the rebels had no artillery in position that could send a shot as far as we were from their line, unless from rifled guns, but these shot were round shot from smooth bore guns, and they came down from a great height in the air. I had been requested by General Hunt, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, to try the experiment of throwing a shot from a twelve-pounder gun dismounted from its carriage and set at an angle of about forty-five degrees, its cascable resting on the bottom of a hole dug in the ground, and I concluded that the same experiment was being made by the direction of some equally competent officer

within the enemy's line. I did not have an opportunity to try the experiment until we were fairly entrenched before Petersburg, when I gave Captain Twitchell, of a Maine battery, directions to dismount a couple twelve-pounder guns, and to make a trial of firing in the manner suggested. The result was truly surprising. We found that four and a half ounces of powder would send a shot as far as two and a half pounds would send the same shot when the gun was mounted on its carriage. While conducting these experiments, Senator Sprague visited the army, in company with several other congressmen. At that time we were excavating a tunnel to mine the enemy's principal fortification, and these gentlemen expressed a desire to see this work. At the request of General Burnside, I took the party out to the place where the work was going on, and on our return we stopped in the work occupied by the battery conducting these experiments. The position was a very exposed one, and the crown of a hat would hardly be more than exposed above the top of the earthwork, before a bullet would come whistling over. I had some shots fired from the dismounted guns, and warned the party that it

was not safe to try to watch the flight of the shot, as even slight exposure would certainly draw a fire upon them, but Senator Sprague, heedless of the injunction, rose up at his full height to watch the course of the ball. He had exposed himself only a few seconds, when "flip," "flip," came the bullets. For a man not accustomed to the sound daily, he took it the coolest of any one I ever saw.

A HARD BED, BUT A GOOD ONE.

To go back a little in point of time. The night before crossing the Pamunkey river was fearfully stormy. We did not reach the vicinity of the river until nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and it was not deemed expedient to cross that night in the darkness on the pontoon bridge, or the bridge was not completed, I have forgotten which. The baggage train was off at a distance, so that no tents were to be had, and there was no course open but to take to the ground for sleep. The land in the vicinity had all been ploughed, and it made a pretty muddy bed, but nearly everybody took to it kindly. I thought I could do better, so taking hold of two rails of a neighboring

fence, lowering one end of each to the ground, and placing a blanket over them, I lay down upon my inclined bedstead, and, covered with my rubber, slept as comfortably as one could desire to sleep.

A SEARCH FOR CHICKENS.

A day or so before reaching the James river, having been deprived of fresh meat for some time, and the orderlies whom I had sent out foraging having returned each time unsuccessful, I determined to make a trial myself, so directing orderly Stevens to accompany me, I rode ahead of the column, and after going some distance came across a negro hoeing in a field. I asked him if he knew of anybody who had any chickens. He told me that he did not know of anybody, but that if I would go on a piece and follow a path to the left through the brush, it would lead me to a house where there might be some. We followed his directions, and after a while rode into the doorway of a neat cottage, where were seated some half dozen persons whom, at first glance, I supposed to be white people, but upon a second look I knew them to be negroes. I asked them if they had any

chickens to sell, and as the yard was full of ducks, hens and little chickens, I expected an affirmative reply : but to my surprise they said they had nothing to sell. I said that I should think they could spare a few out of so many fowls, as I was ready to pay well for them in silver, when a comely woman advanced and said, "Mister, I'se got some right nice chickens and I reckon they'll suit you ; my house is right yere thro' de bush." We followed her lead, and about a couple hundred yards distant we entered her doorway, which was about as full of children as the other yard was full of poultry. I asked her where she got so many children. Her reply was, "Thar's no trouble 'bout that, sar." She directed a boy to catch a lot of chickens, and while he was occupied in so doing I sauntered about the yard, in which was tastefully arranged a number of flower beds.

THE PROMISE OF A WIFE.

Passing by the door of a little building, I saw within, a girl about seventeen or eighteen years of age engaged in washing some small articles of clothing. She was as white as the fairest Caucasian, and her

cheeks were as red as the roses in the garden, while her hair did not show the slightest trace of the African blood in her veins ; but the peculiar angles about the eyes and the semi-Mongolian expression so invariably found in such eyes, and the form of the nose, though it was delicately moulded, told the story of her ancestral blood. I asked the woman whose girl that was. She said, “Dat’s my chile.” I then asked her what she was going to do, now that the Union army had got down there, and she said that she was going to take the “chilern” and go “norf.” I asked her the name of her pretty daughter, which she said was Mary Jane. Then I told her if she went North, to go to Rhode Island, where she would find sympathizing friends, and after the war, to inquire for me, giving her my name, as I would like to have Mary Jane for my wife, meaning that I would like to take her for a lady’s maid. The mother evidently misconstrued my meaning, for she quickly said, “Mary Jane, Mary Jane, go pick the gentleman a bouquet,” and after Mary Jane had gone to pick the flowers, she said to me, “I’ll find you, sar, I’ll find you : dat’s just what I wants ; I wants Mary Jane to be some white

man's wife. I don't want her to marry no nigger" Just then Mary Jane returned with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which she presented to me with a most gracious smile. We took away with us a goodly supply of splendid chickens, which were a rare treat for our mess.

THE COLORED TROOPS AT PETERSBURG.

Shortly after this we crossed the James. A day or two before an assault had been made upon the works before Petersburg by negro troops, and the bodies of those killed in the attack were then lying where they fell. It was a most singular sight. I had seen thousands of dead white soldiers, but the attitudes and positions assumed by these men in their dying moments truly surprised me. There is hardly any position that the human body is capable of assuming that these forms were not in.

NON-COMBATANTS DURING A FIGHT.

We advanced towards Petersburg, and on the way I rode into the yard of a house by the wayside for a drink of water. The lady of the house was in quite a

nervous condition, and she showed me a hole through her house caused by a shot during the action a day or so before. She and her daughter had taken refuge in the cellar, but even that did not fully protect them, for a shot struck the underpinning of the house at about the surface of the ground very nearly above where they were crouching, and the consequence was that they were nearly buried by the rubbish that fell in upon them. In the back yard were two trees, whose trunks were full two feet in diameter. A shot had struck one of these trees and passing completely through its trunk, was embedded in the other entirely out of sight.

BLOWING UP THE ENEMY'S MAGAZINE.

After we had got fairly entrenched at Petersburg, information, was conveyed to me in some way, that the enemy had magazines in each of their works in our front, in which they stored their ammunition. Of course these were so protected that it would be impossible to reach them with our ordnance, so after consultation with General Hunt, I procured some Cochrane mortars, hoping to break through the roof of

one or more magazines by shells falling from a great height, in which object I was successful. The mortars were placed in charge of Captain Gilman, who was detailed from a Pennsylvania regiment for that duty. Mortar firing is very uncertain, and it took Captain Gilman quite a while to get the hang of the schoolhouse, and he got almost discouraged, but he was advised to persevere. One day he came rushing into my quarters, all excited, crying out, "Colonel, I've got 'em; I've got 'em." When he got so that he could explain what his "I've got 'em" meant, I found that he had succeeded in getting a shell into a rebel magazine, which thereupon had blown up. The great pleasure that the captain exhibited was sufficient compensation for previous disappointment and our perseverance.

"PLAYING IT ON THE RECRUITS."

A great many little incidents happened before Petersburg that were extremely amusing, more so probably to those who are familiar with the habits of army life than to persons who never had that experience. For instance, it was customary when new recruits were re-

ceived by a regiment, to throw upon them as much of the drudgery of camp as possible. It was necessary to send to the rear from the trenches, at stated times, for water, which was carried to the front in iron kettles. This labor was generally assigned to recruits, and they preferred it to other labor which they considered more menial. They were taught to believe the only safe thing to do, if they heard a shell, was to fall quickly to the ground, and the chances of being hurt would be very small. The spring at one point of the line, where the men obtained their water, was at the foot of a long ridge, the side of which was occupied by a large number of infantry. Artillerymen, when using paper fuses, cut off that particular length of the fuse that will burst the shell at the proper time, and the piece of fuse not used is thrown away. The men encamped on the slope of the ridge provided themselves with these refuse pieces of fuses, and amused themselves by throwing a number of them all lighted over the heads of the parties of recruits climbing up the hill with full pails of water, the sizzling sound of which, as they passed through the air, was similar to that of a shell. When they heard the hissing of the

fuses they would invariably drop flat on the ground, the consequence of which was the contents of their pails went over them.

AN EXCITING RACE.

I remember going up to Yellow Tavern one day with Captain Twitchell, and on the way back we indulged in a race. We passed our inner line of works, and should then have turned to the right, but we were so interested in our sport we did not discover our mistake until we reached the outer line. The captain made the discovery first and immediately turned his horse, while I kept on quite a little distance before I realized what a pickle I was in. I turned my horse quickly and got within our works, when from both lines went up as hearty a cheer as I ever heard. Though we were within easy range of the enemy, not a shot was fired. They seemed to regard it as a good joke to let us off, comprehending, without doubt, that we had gotten into the scrape through our intense interest in the race.

THE MINE EXPLOSION AND THE COLORED TROOPS.

The story of the mine explosion has been graphically told by Captain Case, a member of our society, and in his paper he alluded to the sudden disappearance of a tract of timber immediately after the explosion. I had tried for three weeks previous to the springing of the mine, to get permission to have this timber cut down, but without success. It was directly in the range of some of our best posted batteries. The night before the explosion I made my last application and was refused, but about midnight I was notified that an officer would report to me in a short time with a hundred negroes with axes, for the purpose of cutting down the trees, but I was not to allow a single blow to be struck until after the mine was sprung. The officer reported a little while after, and I gave him instructions to proceed to the timber at once with his men, and to post them personally,—at the large trees to place three men, at the middling sized ones to place two men, and at the small trees to place a single man, if the number of his men held out, and to give them instructions to immediately

upon the falling of the tree they were at work on to commence work upon the one next to them. At that time we had but little confidence in the "nigger" standing fire, and it was with considerable interest that I watched this timber after the explosion. To the credit of the colored man it can be said, that it wilted almost like magic. A number of them were wounded and some were killed, but the survivors did not leave a tree standing.

THE NEGRO AND THE WATERMELONS.

Speaking of the negroes reminds me of a funny sight that came under my observation while before Petersburg. The negro has a great weakness for watermelons, so much so that it is said he will, at times, venture to steal them at night from the gardens of the planters. Somebody, aware of this fact, sent a vessel load of watermelons to City Point and transported the bulk of the cargo directly to the camp of General Ferrero's division, which was composed entirely of colored troops. I happened to ride through the camp about the time the men had got well supplied, and the scene was one of the most ludicrous I

ever saw. Instead of cutting the fruit in pieces, as is the usual custom, they had split each melon in halves lengthwise, and they devoured the pulp by taking the ends of the halves in their two hands, burying their faces in the cavities, and munching away. Their eyes, in most cases, came just above the shell of the melon, and if one can imagine a thousand negroes, sitting, squatting and lying, on the ground, engaged in eating melons in this manner, he can imagine the effect that the shipper of the melons produced.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE AT PEGRAM'S FARM.

At the battle of Pegram's Farm, our line broke and it looked, for a time, that the enemy would force a passage through it, but fortunately fresh troops came forward who took the place of the demoralized men, and the enemy was checked. In company with other officers, I endeavored to rally the men fleeing to the rear, and, of course, the sabre was used when a man refused to stop. I hit one man, with my sabre, a pretty heavy blow. He immediately stopped, and I thought his purpose was to discharge his piece at me, and I prepared to strike him again, when the expres-

sion of his face, upturned towards me, disarmed me of suspicion on that score. He said: "Colonel, I ain't a coward, and I ain't running because I am afraid; I will stand as long as you or any other man, but I am badly wounded," and he turned his neck towards me and showed a fearful bullet wound across the side of it. I remember the expression of his face as well as if it was an occurrence of yesterday—no fear, no animosity, no anything but an expression of indignation that he should have been suspected of cowardice. I made the best apology that the circumstances would admit of, but after that I did not strike a man until I learned that he was running to the rear from fear instead of from a wound.

My command worked hard all day, and one of my batteries was saved from falling into the hands of the enemy only by the most strenuous exertions of its officers and one of my staff officers, Lieutenant Moore, of the New York battery. When the line was reëstablished, the artillery was properly distributed on it. It was after dark before everything was arranged to my satisfaction, and then, accompanied by Lieutenant Booth, my ordnance officer, I started for my head-

quarters. While riding leisurely to the rear, I met General Warren and General Griffin. General Warren said: "Monroe, where are your batteries?" I told him that they were out on the line. He replied: "I have been listening all day, and haven't heard one of your guns yet." I told him that they were there, and had been engaged since morning. General Griffin then spoke, and asked if those were my batteries way to the rear of the line. I told him that the batteries were as far to the front as I dared to place them. He made some sort of a disparaging remark, which I forget, but it nettled me, and I replied, "I will put my batteries as far to the front as you dare to put your infantry." General Griffin was not a man to be backed down easily, and he said, "Come on, my boy, we'll see!" Together we rode to the front, and rode along the rear of the infantry line, the front of which was blazing with fire. I directed my batteries to cease firing and requested General Griffin to advance his line and I would put the batteries in front of it. After looking over the situation, he said, "I guess, Colonel, things are about right now," and started for the rear, and it didn't take me long to follow him.

A REBEL LOVE LETTER.

At Guinness Station, General Sheridan captured a rebel mail. I happened to be at army headquarters when General Patrick, the provost marshal of the army, was examining it. It was customary, when a mail was captured, to examine carefully all the letters, and to destroy everything of no consequence. In this mail was found a letter so quaint and singular, as to make it a curiosity, and, at my request, it was given to me instead of being burned. It was from a soldier in the rebel army to a young lady who resided at Guinness Station, and I will read it, that you may learn how one individual, at least, made love.

The first part of the letter seems to be addressed to another person, at whose house the writer had met the young lady :

“ My dear Friend

Aprial the 20. 1864

i this day take my pen in hand
to Let you hear from me i Reseaved youre Cind Leter of the
13th and Was Glad to hear from you and to hear that you Was
Well this Leeves me Well truley hopin that it my find you

Well JaCk i think that you have Rather made A flank move on me in some Way that i Cant tell how it is but i Cant tell all that i Will at some time if i ever git to see you in my Life you spoke of Rabit huntin and that you had Lots of fun in that Rabit hunt but i Want some fun at Cetchin of that Rabit that i saw at youre house spinin that day that is the Rabit that i Want to Com at and i Rote about that and Got no ansor to that amount and i Want to tell hear of What i Want but she thinks that is a Joke”

Now he appears to settle down to business :

Mis mary Martin my dear Mis.

i doe this day Conforntate to you that i Was not, A. Jokin i Want you to think and try to see youre Self if you Can doe as i Will say or not, I Can Say to you that if you think that you Can Complie With the offer that i Will make and that is i Want you for my Wife you said in that Leter that you Would Like to marry but not till the War Was over Well i think that Will be too Long i dont think that i Can Git along With out a Woman so long as that i have bin With out for three years and Cant doe no Longer and you ar the one i have intended to make my Wife and i dont Car Whoe noes it i Surtenley Loved you the first time that i Ever saW you in my Life and i Cant help it you noe and every body noes it thut it Cant be helpt bless you My dear i Want all to be satesfede With it and you may think that i am Just A talkin to be heard but i am in earnist about it and if you and all is Willing to it you Can Rite in hast and i dont Want you to think hard of me i had Rather have you than any body

that i noe off but i am afrade that you ar but Jokin and if you are Rite to me in plain turms and then i Will noe What to be at and i dont Want you to make A fool of me by no means as i dont Want to be foold With in sutCh a time as this for When i Want any thing i Want it but take noe in sult at my foley my dear Mis mary take this and Reed and Set doWn and Count the Coust of A married Life and then ansor this leter and doe not turn youre baCk on me,

Mis Mary my dear Rite to me in A leter to youreself as people Can Rite as thay please i Will be hapy to Git aleter from you at any time and i Want you to Send me some hare of youre head and A hart all this in your Leter and i Will Send you Some of my hire in this and i Want you to doe all that i have Rote of and it Will be Well pleasin in in my Site my dear i Would be Glad to be at youre house and take diner With all of you talk about things that Would present them selves and to Clasp youre hand in my hand and to Lay my hand on youre head bless you my dear. Reed this and Laugh at it as i expeCt you Wille

	not this from William	} Warren
to Mis Martin i Will		
ever Remain youre friend		
houdy to all the famley i hope to see		
all of you in A short time and be		

ReCkonnize as a Son

She never received the letter, and I never knew how his suit came out.

A NEGRO RELIGIOUS CAMP-MEETING.

It would be an impossibility to fully describe a negro religious camp-meeting, but I will endeavor to give you a faint idea of one. A short distance from our camp at Falmouth, was an immense barn belonging to the Lacey estate. Upon our arrival at Falmouth, the negroes came flocking into our lines in great numbers, and this barn was stuffed full with them—men, women and children of all ages. I never saw so many people hived in one place. I heard a continual shouting and singing there, but paid little attention to it, until one night when I was entertaining an uncle of mine from home, he proposed that we go over there to see what they were about. The threshing floor was occupied by the active worshippers, while the bins and lofts, on either side, were packed full of people, the most of whom were on their knees, shouting and praying. The threshing floor was covered with women in a sitting-kneeling posture, who were swaying their bodies to and fro, accompanied by a monotonous whine in a minor key, which was singularly weird but at the same time peculiarly attract-

ive. In the midst of this group was a circle, formed by the joining of hands, and made up of both sexes. These people of the circle were engaged in singing, shouting, placing their feet and legs in almost every conceivable position, turning to one and another as they sang with the most earnest expression of countenance. The nearest imitation of what I saw, as given by the various colored troupes who have visited us, has been by the Sheppard Jubilee Singers, but their performance is tame compared with the original, and I believe, should they truthfully represent such a scene, as I think they know how to do, that the public generally would regard them as impostors, for I have seen many people who believe even their tame illustrations to be an exaggeration.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Most amusing incidents occasionally took place in the use of the countersign. I remember I was engaged on business in Washington, quite late one night, while encamped at Camp Dupont, and upon mounting my horse to go home, it occurred to me that it was the night for a new countersign, and as I

had to pass through several commands to reach my camp, it was necessary for me to have it, so I went to the War Department for it, and was given the word "Pyramids." It was a fearfully stormy night, the rain falling in torrents, and it was as dark as Egypt—one could not see his horse's head, it was so dark. I got along very well, passing several sentinels all right, and all at once found my horse in the middle of a stream crossing the road. I knew there was a little brook in that vicinity, but did not dream that it could swell to the proportions of the one I found myself in, and I thought that I must have lost my way, and turned to go back. The movement of my horse caused a splash, when I heard the quick click of a musket lock, followed by "Who goes dere," in an unmistakable German voice. I gave the usual answer, and received the usual order, "Advance and give der countersign." It was so dark I couldn't see; I couldn't find the sentinel, and I was in momentary fear that he would fire at me, so hoping to reach him by the sound of his voice, I said, "Where in the devil are you?" His reply came promptly, "Der countersign's der correct, pass on."

General Gibbon was returning to camp, one night, when the countersign was Jena. The guard stopped him as he was passing through General Augur's camp, and he gave the countersign, but the guard wouldn't accept it. Of course, the corporal of the guard was called, then the sergeant, then the officer of the guard, but neither would let him pass, and finally the officer of the day was called. General Gibbon explained who he was, and that he knew he had given the right countersign. The officer of the day was sure that it was not right, but the general pulled out his official announcement and told him to look at it. The officer was surprised, and said, "I declare, I read that 'Jug,' and the entire guard has 'Jug' for the countersign."

Lieutenant Campbell was returning to camp one night, and upon being stopped when passing through General Blenker's brigade, by a German guard, he gave the countersign, which was Genoa, but he pronounced it *Gee-no-a*. The usual forms were gone through with, but neither of the officers, from the corporal to the officer of the day, would pass him. Lieutenant Campbell demanded to be taken to General Blenker, before whom he appeared, and stated

his case. "Oh," said the general, in broken English, "my guards are very correct; we call it by the right name, Genoa, and not *Gee-no-a*."

A GOOD STORY OF GENERAL GRANT.

A good story was once told me by General H. J. Hunt, about General Grant. He said that when the attack was made on the city of Mexico, Grant was acting as quartermaster, and observing a little work among the defenses of the city, occupied by a comparatively small number of men, but which was exceedingly annoying to the attacking force, he conceived the idea of capturing it; so, collecting together a lot of stragglers, shirkers and bummers, he led them forward, and, by a bold and quick movement, completely routed the occupants of the work. This act contributed materially to the success of the day. When General Scott made his report of the action, he neglected, or forgot, to mention this act. It was at that time Lieutenant Grant's intention to resign as soon as he could do so honorably, this virtually ending the war, and he keenly felt this oversight, which he deemed a lack of appreciation of his services. He

said to General Hunt that he thought it a damned shame that Scott did not speak of it in his report, as it was the first time in his life that he had had an opportunity to do a gallant thing, and that he would never have another chance to distinguish himself.

